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THE SECRET OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BAIRD PRIZE ORATION.

A YOUNG lawyer sat in his office one October day, his heart swelling with the consciousness of ample powers, the sirens singing to him of the future idol of society, of the champion of literary culture, of the applauded orator, of the honored statesman. Little did he dream of the client at his very threshold. But ere the setting of that sun, in the open streets of Boston, in the very cradle of liberty, in the home of Adams, and Otis and Quincy, he had seen women insulted for befriending powerless mothers whose infants were torn from their arms; he had seen Garrison nearly murdered for proclaiming the principles of the Declaration of Independence. The command had come like a shaft of fire from heaven, and pierced his soul. The dream vanished forever from his mind. Scarred, bleeding, degraded, helpless humanity lay at his feet, and the client was accepted.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man;
When duty whispers low, 'thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

But it was not till the first martyr of American freedom had fallen at the hands of the ruthless mob, that the summons for Wendell Phillips came. As he listened in Faneuil Hall to one sworn to defend the Constitution, laying down principles that placed the frenzied mob on the same level as Samuel Adams and James Otis and Daniel Webster, stung to the quick, his heart flaming with indignation, he pushed through the surging crowd, and, mounting the platform, burst forth in scalding rebuke of the slanderer of the dead.

"Are there not lofty moments when the soul
Leaps to the front of being, casting off
The robes and clumsy instruments of sense,
And, postured in its immortality,
Reveals its independence of the clod
In which it dwells?"

From that moment Wendell Phillips was a hated abolitionist. He was willing to sacrifice ambition, friendship, honor, for ignominy, alienation and shame. Unlike the orators of his day, Webster and Everett and Choate, he spoke with no party at his back. His pleas assailed tradition, established order and public sentiment. Luther nailing his challenge on the church's door, when the church reigned supreme, Tell scorning to bow to Gessler, when Gessler's troops held the market, are not grander figures than Garrison and Phillips, fearlessly demanding immediate emancipation when slavery ruled society, legislature, pulpit, press and school. But, "He who rests on principles," said Emerson, "borrows their omnipotence." Henceforth Phillips moved in a wider orbit, borne forward in the car of Olympus, with Truth and Virtue as his steeds. Little did he heed the storms and tempests that burst around him, while he was safe within.

We do not linger over the record of those years of fiery speech, during which the tide of oppression and inhumanity was slowly rolled back till at last the voice of Lincoln released the captive's chain. We look rather to see in Phillips the results of that steadfast obedience to duty which had led him to devote his life, with absolute unselfishness, to the negro's cause. When he came forth from the deadly struggle, triumphant over all reproach, with the benediction of three million overflowing hearts, it was not to the dreams of early youth he turned. That noble soul had grown too large for politics and parties, for social or literary ease. The heart that turned a deaf ear to the siren voices, in response to a higher call, had deepened in its sympathy till it throbbed for the lowliest fellow-being, had expanded till it embraced all humanity, and the voice that pleaded for the negro did not cease with his emancipation, but echoed, till his dying breath, for all human woes. "Hid with God in sympathy with man," as Curtis tenderly expressed it, "the fleecy cloud had caught the sunset glory and was transfigured by its radiant beams."

"Duty! Thou great, thou exalted name! Wondrous thought, that workest neither by fond insinuation, flattery, nor by any threat, but merely by holding up thy naked law in the soul, and so extorting for thyself always reverence, if not always obedience,—before whom all appetites are dumb, however secretly they rebel,—whence thy original?" Aye, whence thy *original*? The greatest souls have fallen awed and dumb before that still voice within, have recognized the eternal source of its naked law, have bowed in reverence and obeyed. And as they hearken to that law, the still voice is echoed from a thousand caverns till its harshness softens into the sound of many waters, and the law that frowned before is written with a sunbeam. With Wordsworth they exclaim:

"Stern Lawgiver, yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair

As is the smile upon thy face;
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
 And fragrance in thy footing treads."

Wendell Phillips had such a soul. The secret of his life lies not in the charm of manner nor in the warm heart of friendship, not in the brilliant intellect and varied talents of a gifted nature, not even in the eloquence and blasting invective that breathed and burned from his lips,—but in that unswerving fidelity to the voice of Duty in lowly obedience to which

"He went
 And humbly joined him to the weaker part,
 Fanatic named, and fool, yet well content
 So he could be the nearer to God's heart,
 And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
 Through all the widespread veins of endless good."
Bertram Van Dyck Post.

AT MIDNIGHT.

I STOOD in the vast cathedral,
 Which the night-shade pillars round,
 With the stars and sky for ceiling,
 And its pavement the marble ground,

And over my trembling senses,
 A mighty music crept,
 From the keys of the great world-organ,
 Which the year in passing swept—

The clash of faction and party,
 In cadences loud and shrill;
 And poverty's low deep murmur—
 The voice that will not be still;

The blending of balm and beauty;
 The wailing of woe and pain;
 The harmony mixed with discord;
 Life's beautiful, wild refrain.

So, with my spirit listening
To the old year's requiem roll,
And hearing its crashing echoes
Go thundering through my soul,

I stood in the world's cathedral,
As the year was passing out,
And the swell of the mournful music,
Filled me with fear and doubt.

But the stars of the vaulted ceiling,
And the marble earth below,
Strode on in their circling orbits,
Unswerved by its restless flow.

And the young year coming gently
Bade the rushing tumult cease,
And over the heart of the music
There stole the calm of peace.

Charles Bertram Newton.

SIDNEY LANIER'S THEORY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.

THE NOVEL is distinctly an invention of modern times. It was the product of a highly organized society, yet, strangely enough, it did not make its appearance until society had been thus highly organized for a considerable time, neither did it come into being at any of the numerous previous occurrences of that phenomenon in the world's history. It did not, like other literary products, rise, perish and, Phoenix-like, rise again, but it came and has remained. Clearly, any theory of the novel which does not recognize and account for this peculiarity is insufficient.

It is in recognition of this remarkable fact that Sidney Lanier has developed his theory of the English Novel*.

*"The English Novel," *Scribner's*.

In fact, it may be almost said to be based upon it. In the collected publication of his lectures at Johns Hopkins University his views are stated at large, and it is only to be regretted that the author's untimely death prevented a final revision before publication. Could this have been done, we should probably have had the advantage of a precise and definite statement of the author's theory of fiction; as it is we have to get it as best we may from the whole book, and from partial statements separated by intervals of pages or even chapters.

The theory propounded may, however, be understood in a general way by an extract from the first lecture :

"My first line," says Prof. Lanier, "will concern itself with the enormous growth in the personality of man which our time reveals when compared, for instance, with the time of Æschylus.

* * * * *

"In my second line of development I shall call your attention to what seems to me a very remarkable and suggestive fact, to wit, that Physical Science, Music and the Novel, all take their rise at the same time; of course, I mean what we moderns call science, music and the novel. For example, if we select, for the sake of well-known representative names, Sir Isaac Newton (1642), John Sebastian Bach (1685) and Samuel Richardson (1689); the first standing for the rise of modern science—the second for the rise of modern music, and the third for the rise of the modern novel—and observe that these three men are born within fifty years of each other, we cannot fail to find ourselves in the midst of a thousand surprising suggestions and inferences. For in our sweeping arc from Æschylus to the present time, fifty years subtend scarcely any space; we may say, then, these three men are born together. * * * Now, in this second train of thought, I shall endeavor to connect these phenomena with the principle of personality developed in the first train, and shall try to show that this science, music and the novel, are flowerings out of that principle in various directions.

* * * * *

"In my third train of thought I shall attempt to show that the increase of personalities thus going on has brought about such complexities of relation, that the older forms of expression were inadequate to them; and that the resulting necessity has developed the wonderfully free and elastic form of the modern novel out of the more rigid Greek drama through the transition form of the Elizabethan drama."

It is not quite clear from this statement whether this developing personality is the personality of the writers of succeeding times, or the personalities of the men and women about them, whom they take as characters. The illustrations given, however, and the subsequent lectures, seem to show that it is the latter that is intended.

Now it is quite apparent that in making a more highly developed personality the distinguishing mark of modern fiction, the author cuts away at once and forever from all possible forms of romantic literature which do not fall within the limits of realistic fiction. His argument is, in fact, one of the arguments of the realists, applied to a different purpose. For if human personality is going through an evolutionary process so rapid as to show its results in a single century, then this personality is constantly changing, and John Doe, born this morning, is endowed with a deeper and wider personality than if he had been born fifty years ago. Now to ascertain what that personality is, we must investigate, and so we are driven back upon experience; our process will be an inductive one. If the nature of man is constantly changing, there is no use for Universalism, for we can never say that what is true for to-day is true for all time. If there has been, since the beginning of recorded history, such a development of human personality, analogous to the development of the mind of a child from the mind of a man, or to the evolution of a Napoleon from the ancestor of an anthropoid ape, then it is just as futile to proclaim in the fiction of any given age from the then existing men and women, their eternal attributes and persistent types, as it would be to dogmatize from the intellectual horizon of a boy as to the eternal attributes and persistent types of humanity, or to gather from the data furnished by the remote progenitors of anthropoid apes the chief and lasting qualities of organic existence.

Nor, on the theory propounded, is there any place for idealism, or the romantic novel, so called. In the romantic

novel, as distinguished from the realistic, the characters are represented as acted on by circumstances and emotions in particular combinations which never have existed and which are never likely to exist. Now if to this be added an underlying personality which is itself constantly shifting, we find ourselves transported at a bound into a world so inconceivably hypothetical and fanciful that the Arabian Nights and the Shaving of Shagpat would seem in such a field the most commonplace of realism. To thus confine ourselves to realism is not, I take it, an inviting prospect; and any theory of fiction which involves this becomes of such an extraordinary character as to merit the closest investigation.

But, it may be asked, is it not, whatever corollaries may be involved, the mission of fiction to portray life, and in so doing to follow this ever-shifting personality of man through all its mutations to what end soever it may lead us? To this question there can of course be but one answer, an affirmative one. But has this human personality so developed? Is man, as we now find him on the earth, a creature more highly endowed, mentally and morally, than he was, say twenty-five hundred years ago?

The very putting of this question is of course always likely to arouse the cry of "Pessimism!" and "Cynicism!" often without much thought of what it is that is actually implied. And, starting with this vastly illogical assumption, these enthusiastic persons naively reason that it would be disheartening and discouraging to humanity to believe that man had not advanced in mental stature since his appearance on the earth, and that therefore he must have so advanced! But if such an argument were valid—and it is not, for it is facts that are the aim of our investigations, and not assertions that shall fit in with our own predetermined notions of harmony—yet if it were, the argument would still be without force, because the fact that man's inherent nature had not developed would be quite consistent with the perfectly apparent phenomenon of his actual improvement. It does not follow because the modern Englishman

has reached a position vastly above that of the Druids, that the race is a higher race than it was a thousand years ago.

It is probably true that the evolutionary process which resulted in man has continued since his creation, although this later process has been so relatively slight that the difference between the highest European and the lowest savage and the difference between that savage and the highest type of brute creation are utterly incommensurable. We know that there have been certain changes in the physical structure of man, and in all probability there have been changes in his mental make-up as well. But this is a very different thing from saying that there have been an increase and expansion in the personality of man within the limits of human experience, much less since the time of Aristotle. For the entire change has been from that strange creation of the shadowy past beneath whose rough and unkempt exterior, for the first time since human history began, there beat a human heart. But even that half monster, as he must have seemed, was on this side of the line which divides man from the brutes. And from that time to this there has perhaps been an increase in human personality, and probably sufficiently well marked, could we so far extend our vision over those dim and shadowy centuries of the unwritten records of man, to be plainly visible. And the view of Prof. Lanier fits in so well with our own natural pride, it keeps us on such good terms with ourselves, that it is not at all strange that it should find almost unquestioning credence. We look back half pityingly upon the slow development of oriental countries, the rise of poetry in Greece, the growth of law in Rome, the struggles of our forefathers in our own England,—“the battles of kites and crows,” we used to call them,—and then we feel with a glow of pride, that as a child gradually develops in mind and body, and from a helpless infant becomes the lord of creation and puts the forces of nature under his feet, even so has man advanced from the time when the patriarchs gathered their tribes in the plains of Arabia or watched the

heavens by night through the clear Chaldean sky,—the childhood of the world. Prof. Lanier quotes from "In Memoriam," and comments upon Tennyson's lines as follows :

"The baby new to earth and sky
What time his tender palm is prest
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never learned that 'this is I:'

"But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of 'I' and 'me,'
And finds, 'I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch.'

"So rounds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As through the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined."

"Now if we extend the process of growth here described, as of a single child passing through a single life to the collective process of growth effected by humanity from age to age, we have quite clearly the principle whose light I wish to shed upon our comparison of the works I have named. Just as the child learns to know himself—'that I am I' so man comes, in the course of time, to feel more and more distinctly that I am I; and the growth of this feeling continually uproots his old relations to things and brings about new relations with new forms to clothe them in."

It has been well said that analogies are the most dangerous form of reasoning. From the pleasing prospect of the analogy between the development of a child and the wished-for development of humanity we are tempted to believe that because one exists the other must have existed. But if we trace back this analogy a very little way we may find that there is no analogy after all.

For, to make the analogy complete, man, as we find him in ancient history, must represent the child. Now the period of human childhood—that is, a representative period—would certainly not be placed at less than ten years; nor would the maturity of man's powers, corresponding to the present time, be placed for its average at any point below

thirty years; so that these two ages will give the most liberal proportion between a child and a man. So that, if adopting such extreme comparisons as to represent man at the time of Aristotle by a ten-year-old child, and man as we now know him by the simile of a man thirty years old; if then we remember that from Aristotle to the present time less than twenty-five hundred years have elapsed, we find that according to this theory man should not have been, at the time of Aristotle, more than twenty-five hundred years upon the earth, although we know that man had then arrived at least forty-five thousand, and not improbably two hundred thousand years before. Indeed, when we run back of the sixth century before Christ, we already find ourselves in the shadowy land of tradition; and so completely have the records of by far the greater part of the history of man been lost that the boldest attempts of recorded history break down and become utterly vain, lost in the pathless realms of oblivion, long before we have reached the comparatively brief limit of ten thousand years. And yet the testimony of the rocks establishes beyond a doubt that man has been upon the earth for at least fifty thousand years, while his origin in all probability lies still further back, perhaps a hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand years, so that as to the history of man we are very much in the same position as if in our study of the Anglo-Saxon race we should find the history of England and America lost in hopeless obscurity down to the time of our civil war.

In the light of these facts what becomes of the analogy of the child? Instead of the simile of a boy of fifteen and a man full grown we find that even if we represent man at the very dawn of recorded history, before the pyramids were built, as a boy of fifteen, that our own century would be symbolized, not by a man in the maturity of his powers, but by the same boy when he had attained the tremendous age of sixteen! But it is highly probable that this is an over-estimate, rather than too low a one, of the change that

has taken place in the nature of man since the earliest records of history.

It has been said that the reasoning powers of a Cave-Dweller have developed into the reasoning powers of a Kant; but it is apparently forgotten that during the same time the reasoning powers of an Aristotle have fully as often retrograded to the reasoning powers of a Hottentot. Throughout the world we find men, half savage, occupying the seats of extinct civilizations mightier than theirs had been. The spirit of Miltiades may revisit the plains of Marathon, but the glory of Greece has departed. Man rises high and falls; but the world rolls on and we are "the same that our fathers have been." Not by any inherent change in our nature, but by the progressive enrichment of society, so far as it can hold intact the results of former generations, and no farther, does man advance. Whenever, by some cataclysm of history, or by internal decay, society loses this accumulated heritage, it falls back. Like the coral that from the depths of the ocean rears a structure the end of which it shall never see, so each generation of man avails itself of those that have gone before. As has been truly observed, we stand on a higher level than our forefathers, not because of our own greater stature, but because we are placed, as it were, upon an artificial structure which former generations have built, and with the sinking of that structure we shall fall.

And so we come to realize the fatal defect in Prof. Lanier's theory. The personality of man is still the grandest theme with which the novelist ever has to deal. But let us regard it in its true light; let us not mistake effect for cause. It is man in his social relations that makes history, and it is the ever-changing and cumulative growth of these relations that has brought us to a state in which the modern novel is possible.

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

* * * * *

Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;
All that they have done but earnest of the things that they should do.'

It is his social relations, and not his inherent personality, that changes the life-history of man. It is objective rather than subjective. And with this in view, we should never, as Prof. Lanier has done, place the gloomy and introspective George Eliot at the head of all novelists of our own or any other time, and still less should we make the fatal mistake of awarding to Dickens the second place in the list; nor above all of leaving to a man of the transcendent and overpowering genius of Thackeray, the equivocal honor of third.

M'Cready Sykes.

A STUDY IN DISSONANCE.

THERE lived at the close of the last century in Prague, an old Austrian, Metz, by name, who followed the study of music. He pursued the study merely for his own pleasure, for he was not only rich but independent. Once while seated at his harpsichord an idea had occurred to him that at first only made him smile, but which had gradually taken hold of his fancy till at last his one object in life was to put his theory to the test. He had noticed that particular musical chords produced on human beings certain effects, so that at one moment a man could be made to laugh and at the next be moved to tears. If this were so, he argued, why could not he surround himself with a musical atmosphere and mould his character accordingly? If further proof were needed, did not men incite their comrades on in battle by the power of song? It was for this, then, that he studied music so assiduously, striving to apply his theory to himself; but he found it was in vain. As far as he could tell, he was not one whit the less changed and he was fair to own his theory impracticable. As he sat one evening by his fire brooding over his failure, it occurred

to him that while his theory had failed so far as he personally was concerned, this did not necessarily prove its falsity, for he had attempted to remodel his character when he was at a comparatively advanced age, and he reflected that it is during the first twenty years of existence that the character is developed through the impression it receives of life and its environment. If he only had a child that he might experiment upon; but he knew of no parent that would be willing to give or even lend their child for such a purpose. At this moment there sounded a knock at his door and his old servitor entered with a face pale with suppressed excitement, and with the information that there had been a large fire down the street, that many people had been killed, and that old Brita, his wife, had now in the kitchen two little children, a boy and a girl, whose parents had been killed in the fire, and was at a loss what to do with them, especially as they were not brother and sister.

Here was the opportunity that he had so longed for. Cautioning his servants to say nothing on the subject, he set about the carrying out of his idea, not the original one, but one that was far more grand and that had suggested itself to him as he gazed at the two sleeping babes. He would not only surround them with an atmosphere of music, but their other senses should be educated as well. He would surround the girl with all that was fairest and most beautiful, and only the softest, dreamiest music should be played to her, hoping to form in her a character both pure and healthful, having for its chief element harmony. As for the boy, discord should enter his life, causing him to become both strong and manly.

In a wing of his large old dwelling he had fitted up a suite of rooms for the girl, the walls and the ceilings of which were draped in the finest silks of the softest flesh tints, fading gradually into one another. Thick, heavy carpets of the same tint covered the floor. The outside world was hidden by high curtained windows that shed

a soft light through the rooms. Everything gave the idea of beauty in repose. In no place could a contrast be found; even the corners of the room were rounded. He caused the softest and dreamiest airs to be played night and day, and the room to be scented with the most delicate perfumes. In this house he placed the little girl, bidding the attendant to allow none to enter, and never, as she valued her life, to allow the little one to see or know aught of the outside world.

On the other side of the house he lodged the boy, but in surroundings entirely different. The rooms were filled with odd and grotesque shapes, huge and ponderous machines stood everywhere. The hum of machinery and ring of the anvil was his only music and the smell of the lubricant his incense.

As with the girl, Metz excluded the outer world from the boy's life, training and educating him himself. The girl he named Elonie, and the boy Thrung.

In these two little worlds, side by side, then did Metz place the orphans, but how widely separated. One was a land of softness and of light, the other, one of force and courage; one surrounded by the refinement of luxury, the other the degradation of poverty, for old Metz meant to bring up Thrung to toil for himself.

As the years went by, Metz watched with keen interest the development of the children, and was delighted to find that his plan was succeeding beyond his most sanguine expectations. Elonie, profoundly ignorant of the world of toil and strife around her, in the refinement of her surroundings, grew to be a tall and beautiful woman, with a voice exquisitely soft and sweet. In Thrung was her contrast; of strong and powerful build, his limbs moved with a clumsiness and awkwardness that was almost grotesque. As in Elonie the graceful and ideal had been cultivated, so in Thrung was the uncouth and sordid.

Twenty years had elapsed since Metz had first given shelter to the two little waifs, and as he felt his old age

advancing more rapidly upon him, he resolved to put the final test to his plan. He would unite Thrung and Elonie, or, as he called them, Discord and Harmony. Two beings so entirely different in every way, he knew could not live long together so. One or the other's character would have to give way. Would the sweet and winning manner of Elonie tame and subdue the wild and narrow character of Thrung, or would his masterful and dominant ways subdue Elonie's gentleness and arouse in her a spirit of opposition that would make her more like Thrung? Or would the blending of their two dissimilar characters reduce them to mediocrity? In music, he knew that a discord and a harmony produced a dissonance. How would it be in this case?—that was the question that interested him. For this reason he betook himself one day to Elonie's room to tell her something of his plan. He was puzzled as to how he should do this, for he was afraid that if he told her too suddenly it would give her a shock such as he was anxious to avoid, since she had never experienced any violent emotion before; moreover, he dared not tell her his attitude in the matter, for he had brought her up to believe implicitly in him and to regard his word as law, and did she know that he really had no jurisdiction in the matter she might refuse to obey him. Metz, in his secret soul, feared these two beings of his own creation. So it was with a feeling akin to trepidation that Metz entered the room in which Elonie was. He found her standing in the centre of the room trying to catch the checkered sunlight as it sifted through the high, curtained windows beyond her reach, and humming to herself a low tune. "Elonie," he said softly; he unconsciously spoke in a low voice when in her presence. The girl turned swiftly around and sprang lightly towards him.

When old Metz came out of the room, an hour later, his face wore a triumphant smile. It had been easier than he had dared hope, for he had reckoned without remembering that Elonie was, after all, a woman, and therefore curious.

At first, when he had told her of the great, wide world outside, she had shuddered convulsively and drawn closer to him, looking at him with great, troubled eyes; but, as he went on, carefully concealing the difference between herself and the rest of humanity, her fear had given way to curiosity as he told her of Thrung, for she had always imagined her attendant, Metz, and herself to be the only beings in existence. Finally he left her, promising to bring Thrung to her the next day, and went to his apartments. As he opened the door, Thrung sprang from the floor where he was lying, and, giving himself a huge shake, stood awkwardly awaiting his master's commands. In a few words Metz told him what he had told Elonie. As he did so, he watched closely the face of Thrung, but the small eyes and thin lips gave no token of what emotions were stirring in his heart.

On the following day old Metz hastened to Elonie's apartments to prepare her for Thrung's coming. He noticed with anxiety that her face was pale and sad; the curiosity of the day before had given away to a feeling of uneasiness that was so totally foreign to her character that it was all the more distressing. "Come, my child, this will never do," he said; "if you look like this, I will not know you." A sad smile was his only answer, as he gave the signal for Thrung's entrance. Both stood silently awaiting his arrival—Elonie pale and trembling, holding in her hand a white lily yet fresh with dew, Metz consumed with impatience. The door swung slowly open, and Thrung stood before them. As he did so, old Metz stepped back to watch the moment he had so anxiously longed for. For a moment they both stood transfixed, gazing at each other. Then over Thrung's face there swept a wave of astonishment, followed instantly by a curious look of cunning. His small eyes sparkled and the thick lips spread into a repulsive grin, as he made a step forward. Elonie gazed at him as if fascinated, with parted lips and staring eyes; then, as

Thrung stepped towards her, she turned and made a gesture of repulsion, and sank with a low cry of horror on her knees, burying her face in her hands. Old Metz softly withdrew, with a crafty smile on his lips, as he went to fetch a priest, for he resolved that they should be married now; he could wait no longer.

When he returned, bringing the priest with him, he found them in the same attitude as he had left them. As they entered Elonie raised her head, but dropped it again with a shudder as she saw the black robe of the priest that contrasted so strongly with the colors of her room. "See, my child," old Metz said as he bent softly over her, throwing open a door that had always stood closed till now, "see, before you lies the great world I told you of yesterday," and Elonie raised herself and looked. At her feet lay the city and beyond, in the blue expanse, distant mountains raised their lofty summits. Clouds chased each other across a summer sky, over the landscape and far away the river sparkled and glistened in the morning sunlight. But the vastness stunned her who had lived in a gilded cage all her life. With a moan she threw herself on her uncle's breast, crying: "O uncle, why have you done this! It terrifies me. O uncle, I cannot, O I cannot do what you want me to! Let me live as I always have—I will be so good, so faithful to you both. Thrung—dear Thrung, I—I—," but she could get no further, but sank breathless and sobbing in Metz's arms, who beckoned the priest and Thrung to approach. "Take her Thrung," he said, "she is yours; priest, do your duty," and laid the young girl in the arms of Thrung. As he did so the lily in Elonie's hand dropped and Thrung, stepping hastily forward to take her, crushed it beneath his foot.

Slowly and in low accents the priest read the marriage service, Metz making the responses for them, for neither Elonie or Thrung understood what was going on. When the service was over, old Metz bustled cheerfully around.

"Now, my children, I have written a great wedding march for you, listen while I play it to you." The old man seated himself at an organ and began to play, nodding and smiling to them; but soon he forgot all—it was the supreme moment of his life, it was the soul of the composer that stirred and beat within him. As he played Elonie drew closer and closer to him, gazing at the mighty organ. She was the child of music, and its songs stirred too strangely within her. With parted lips and hurrying breath she listened to the great song, and as it ended with a mighty crash of chords she truned suddenly and with outstretched arms fell dead at the foot of the great organ. Slowly old Metz arose from the organ stool. He had failed and he knew it. "I had hoped," he said with a sad smile, "that it would be a study in Harmony." "Call it rather a study in Dissonance," said the priest quietly. But Thrung stooped and picked up the crushed and broken lily and kissed it as if it was the face of the dead.

H. G. Murray.

THE LOVE OF CANOPE.

A GRECIAN LEGEND.

BETWEEN an ancient city and the sea,
Among the fragrant scented olive groves
That fringe the circling hills of Marathon,
The sculptor Cleon dwelt, and thrilled the stone
Into such beauty as men never knew
Through all the sea-girt isles of splendid Greece.
Save for his lovely daughter Canope,
Called through all Attica the "Morning Star,"
He dwelt alone, serving his holy art,
With reverence for beauty, blent with truth,

Until the light of purity and grace
Shone from his marbles.—Men from distant lands,
Who knew the fame of Cleon, came with gifts
Of nameless value for some work in stone.
But Cleon only said, "I do not carve
That men may buy my statues with their gold;
I carve for time and for the holy gods."

And once it chanced a stranger came to him,
A youth whose every gesture was divine,
Of holy beauty, such as pure souls wore
Far in the early morning of the world—
A lovely garment for a lovely soul.
And Cleon's daughter saw and wondered much,
And wondering loved; and while her father spake
Of some great figure for the Delphic shrine,
Whether of marble, gold or ivory
It should be made, a ray of sunlight streamed
Between the pillars full upon the youth
And threw a shadow on a polished stone,
As yet untouched by chisel. Then the girl
With eager pencil stole into the room,
And while they talked about the holy feasts,
The Delphic shrine and last Olympian games,
She drew the shadow on the marble slab.

Thereafter many months the maiden wrought
With fear and reverence and growing love—
Always in sunlight, till her great love drew
A heavenly beauty from the polished stone,
And glowing sunlit tints fair as the pearl
With which the moon inlays a winter cloud;
And so a year went on and still she loved,
And still the statute grew more beautiful
Under her touches, till one autumn day
When first they closed the door against the wind,
The stranger came again and entered in

To Cleon's busy home, and stood once more
Beside the sculptor's living forms of stone.
But when he saw one stone had caught his form,
And she who carved it trembling at its feet,
A flash of godlike anger swept his brow.
Then with a wand of light he touched the stone,
And straightway all the room was filled with mist,
And when the mist had died into the day
The figure of the youth was nowhere seen,
But in its place a marble maiden stood—
The likeness of Canope, and a wand
Lay at its feet, which Cleon took and read,
Graven in golden letters on the stem,
"I am the god Apollo; mock me not."

William Ashenhurst Dunn.

THE CALLERS.

A FARCE.

Scene—A drawing-room. Soft lights and breath of winter roses. Intermittent music from an ebony piano, over whose white keys wander the light fingers of a girl dressed in a gown of something rich and indescribable. A ring at the door-bell, and the music stops. Violet Vincent turns half toward the door, saying to herself: "An early caller; I do *hope* it's Tom Field, and not that horrid—" (a card is handed to her, bearing the name of Mr. Titmouse)—"Oh" (with a grimace) "*but it is.*"

Aloud (as she rises, smiling, to meet the gentleman who is ushered in): "Good evening, Mr. Titmouse; I'm *very* happy to see you. I was just thinking of you."

Mr. Titmouse, embarrassed by this cordiality, says "Good evening," advances as if to shake hands, thinks better of it, and sits down desperately on the edge of a chair.

MR. TITMOUSE (after a moment's pause)—"A beautiful evening, Miss Vincent."

MISS VINCENT (absently)—"Really? You don't say so!"

MR. TITMOUSE (emboldened)—"Yes; very fine weather, this; a little cooler than it has been—not quite so warm as yesterday. Indeed" (in a confidential tone), "the thermometer is four degrees higher than it has been for—for several days."

Miss Vincent is doubtless impressed by this information, but before she can suitably express her views on the subject another ring is heard, and a gentleman enters the room almost immediately.

MISS VINCENT—"Oh, Tom, I'm so glad you've come. It's been *ever* so long since your last call."

MR. THOMAS FIELD—"How are you, Violet; you weren't so glad to see me last time I was here" (with a glance at Titmouse).

Miss Vincent looks reprovingly; they shake hands, the two gentlemen nodding coolly as they take seats. Mr. Titmouse inwardly anathematizes this interruption just as he was getting on his conversational feet, but silently vows to "sit it out." Mr. Field wonders why the fates have interfered with his hoped-for tête-a-tête, but is consoled with the thought that "Titmouse will skip soon." Meanwhile, the conversation starts afresh.

MR. FIELD—"Lovely evening, Violet; bright as a bell."

MISS VINCENT—"How delightful, Tom. Which belle do you mean? You know so many bright ones, you see."

MR. FIELD—"What—oh, I catch—*what* a joke for you, Violet! Well, I suppose I'll have to say something nice—it can be only *one* in *your* presence—"

MISS VINCENT—"Now, of all things I hate, it's a goose, so don't be one; don't you, Mr. Titmouse?" (This a little abruptly, conscious that Mr. T. is falling behind the conversation.)

MR. TITMOUSE (gravely, and a little reproachfully)—"No, Miss Vincent, I'll try not to be; but to change the subject,

we were speaking of the weather, you know, and I was going to tell you—"

Here the entrance of the maid with two cards again robs Miss Vincent of impending information, and, glancing at them hastily, she rises to greet the entering gentlemen.

MISS VINCENT—"Well, Lang, you didn't forget your promise to come soon again; that was real good of you."

MR. LANGDON JONES—"Oh, no, I could'nt of course, Violet (shaking hands). Let me introduce to you my friend, Mr. Winter."

Mutual bows. Jones and Field shake hands. The former is introduced to Titmouse, Winter to both the other gentlemen. All are seated, the chairs arranging themselves in a semi-circle. Titmouse is made very happy by getting a seat next to Miss V., but has not courage yet to broach his favorite topic.

MR. JONES (who sits at her right)—"You've no idea what it's like, Violet, you really haven't."

MISS VINCENT—"What's what like, boy—don't talk to me in riddles?"

MR. JONES—"The air, the weather, just delightful!"

MR. WINTER—"Such moonlight!"

MR. FIELD—"Such breezes!"

MR. TITMOUSE—"And *much* warmer."

MISS VINCENT (mentally longing for the abolishment of weather, and almost wondering if it's a concerted thing, but apparently much interested)—"Why, I wonder you could all tear yourselves away from it. Now, Tom, not a word—I see it in your eye."

MR. FIELD—"Oh, that's cruel, to spoil the prettiest speech about gravitation, attraction, etc. However, you don't deserve it now. By the way, speaking of weather, do you remember our sail on the bay last June, Violet?"

MISS VINCENT—"Oh, do I? And Lang was along too—no, where *was* Lang?—oh, I remember—no wonder I had forgotten, *we* didn't see much of him."

MR. JONES—"Good reason, Violet; 'love is blind,' they say. How is Mr. —"

MISS VINCENT (interrupting)—"Oh, *they* say, do they? How unassuming we're getting—don't you think so, Mr. Titmouse?"

MR. TITMOUSE (catching his breath—he had hopelessly lapsed into an undercurrent of thought relative to what he had been going to say about the all-important subject, and had but a vague idea of the topic of conversation)—"I—yes—that is, I *hope* we are unassuming, Miss Vi—Vincent, and—speaking about sailing, don't you, don't you enjoy sailing?" (He looks quite animated after this noble effort and gazes eagerly for a reply.)

MISS VINCENT—"Yes, immensely, and especially in the bow where——"

MR. JONES—(interrupting)—"There's just room for two, and——"

MISS VINCENT (interrupting)—"Lang, you're just incorrigible, interrupting in this way with your own experiences. I'm just going to talk to Mr. Winter."

Poor Titmouse sinks back resignedly; his resolve to see it through deepening into dogged determination.

Winter is most happy to be talked to, but would prefer a smaller audience. However, he makes the best of it.

MR. WINTER—"I'm sure, after such an offer, I shall try hard not to fall from grace as Lang has done. He warned me——"

MISS VINCENT (interrupting)—"Oh, Lang, you wretch, did you tell him I was a tigress, or what? But I wasn't to speak to you. I've a good mind to quarrel with you though, Mr. Winter, for believing such a thing."

MR. WINTER—"Believe it! Why I was just going to say, if you had let me finish my sentence, that I scorned his warning, till I saw——"

MISS VINCENT—"Oh worse and worse (the door bell rings—well, I hope a *friend* is coming this time.

MR. TITMOUSE (gravely)—“Miss Vincent, I hope you will always consider *me* your friend.”

MISS VINCENT—“Oh yes, yes, I forgot, I mean—”

She rises, coloring, to meet a handsome young college man whom she has not seen for months, and groans inwardly as she recalls that “that *dear* Mr. Heston never will talk in a crowd”—but she welcomes him warmly and introduces him to the other gentlemen.

There is just the suggestion of a pause, opening up fine possibilities for departure, but everyone is waiting for everyone else. Only Titmouse stirs uneasily, and hope springs evanescent in four breasts—he is only settling into his chair.

MR. HESTON—“Well Miss Vincent, of all the beautiful evenings! Such a change, too, from that bitter weather.”

Field winks to Jones and whispers, “Nothing like corroboration.” Titmouse looks interested and Winter amused.

MISS VINCENT (with great vivacity)—“So they say; I do love such weather, the thermometer is, I believe—”

MR. TITMOUSE—“Fifty-four—that is it was to-day at noon, in the office, in the shade.”

Miss Vincent fortunately drops her handkerchief, and there follows a diversion. Jones is the lucky diver.

MR. JONES—“May I come back to favor on the strength of that, Violet?”

MISS VINCENT—“Mr. Heston shall be judge of your crime, Lang.”

MR. JONES—“Well here’s the case, Mr. Heston; we were talking about a sail last summer, I merely said that Violet—Shall I go on Violet?”

MISS VINCENT (with a show of great magnanimity)—“Lang, I will forgive you, undefended and untried.”

MR. FIELD—“I object to such leniency.”

MR. WINTER—“Yes, so do I.”

MR. HESTON—“And I.”

MR. TITMOUSE (feebly)—“And I.”

MISS VINCENT (serenely)—“It’s settled; do you question my authority?”

For a time the talk runs on briskly, for Miss Vincent is quite equal to the occasion, and is skillful in preventing the conversation from lagging. Presently a clock somewhere in the house strikes out, with startling distinctness, one, two, three (everybody is listening, though they wouldn’t show it for the world), four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, *ten*. “About time they were thinning out,” thinks Heston. “We’ll just wait till those first men leave,” think Jones and Winter. Field feels hot: “Confound that little Titmouse,” he mutters to himself. The last gentleman looks bland; his mind was made up some time ago.

Meanwhile the conversation flows on a little less vigorously. It has traveled several times in the same general orbit, and is getting dangerously near the weather, where it threatens final wreck.

The half-hour strikes. Heston, the last comer, decides that there’s no use waiting forever, and rises to leave. The two friends, Winter and Jones, suddenly awake to the hopelessness of the hour, and follow his example. Field gives up Titmouse to the powers of darkness, and thinks he will try it another night. Titmouse feels that he has kept his resolution, and, being rather afraid to stay alone, joins the stampede.

MISS VINCENT—“Why, Mr. Heston, *must* you go so early? and you, Lang, don’t take your friend away yet. Well, Tom, *you* needn’t be in a hurry, too! And Mr. Titmouse—why, you’re the *last* one I should expect to hurry away.” (Which was literally true.)

Salutations of departure follow, and a shuffling of feet in the hall. The closing of the hall door, then only soft lights, a fragrance of roses, a semi-circle of empty chairs, and, standing by the door, a girl with an either-laugh-or-cry expression on her face.

Her brother, coming in from the smoking-room, pipe in mouth, says softly, as if to himself, “Oh, my, how I wish I

were a popular girl, like—" but a box on the ears stops him, and, with a laughing "Put out the lights, you wretch, good night," the curtain falls.

Charles Bertram Newton.

HAROLD.

HAROLD, when the time shall come
That I may see your face again,
Shall I be bent with drift of years,
With worn old age, to see you then?

Hal, dear, will my hair be white
Against the dark that framed your brow,
That told of strength and purity,
Shall you be as you were, but now?

Harold, still your face is clear
To us as when you went away;
Still the touch upon the hand
As it lingered the last day.

Harold, though my hair be white
When I look on you once more,
Still I shall know the quick, sweet smile
And the splendid look you wore.

May I so live that we shall meet,
And may we, Hal, together stand,
And with no downcast look of mine—
When I shall meet your clasping hand.

Newton Booth Tarkington.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

TO VIVIEN.

Laugh and smile, Laugh and smile,
With never a thought of care,
Binding me closer all the while
With the glint of your golden hair.

Sleep and dream, Sleep and dream
Through the livelong summer day,
What matter in the twilight gleam
If my heart at your feet I lay.

Sob and moan, Sob and moan,
This world is a dreary place,
When life must wear a sombre tone
For a heartless woman's face.

H. G. Murray.

TEMPER.—It was late in the afternoon of a long, warm August day, and the lake at Temper's feet was glowing in orange and pink that told of the coming of the setting of the sun. Temper was in a ruminative mood. He had sand on the top of his nose that he pawed at ineffectually, now and then, and he lay, quite content, upon the short stretch of beach wondering how long he could remain there undisturbed by that mob of hotel children. Temper had been bored almost beyond bounds, by the splashing of the hotel people, who would *not* swim quietly, by the laughing of the fat men who did not know how to fish, and most of all by the undignified antics of a hotel dog who made an idiot of himself doing tricks and rescuing sticks from the water. Everyone had said that Fuzzy, the undignified one, was *such* a clever dog. So well trained. Trained! A subterranean rumbling indicated that Temper was expressing his

emotion by a growl of intense disgust. If anyone else had been there he would have repressed this voicing of idea, for Temper held that any expression of emotion, however slight, was not worthy of a complete gentleman—being something with a tendency, if carried far enough, toward a scene.

It was nearly time for the evening boat, and Temper thought with joy that soon he and his master would be away from the hotel and its people. They had been there quite long enough, all day. They were stopping at a farmhouse on the Point, across the little lake. Temper knew that his master could not afford the hotel, but he would not admit it, even to himself. To-day they had come across for all day, and Temper knew quite well why his master had come. It was on account of Miss Primrose, though his master would not have admitted that any more than Temper would have admitted that they were in reduced circumstances. At least, the young man would not have confessed he came to see Miss Primrose, when he set forth to see her in the morning. Later in the day he probably came to the conclusion that it was because of Miss Primrose that he and Temper had crossed the lake.

Temper's meditations were disturbed by the voices of two people who came and sat upon a rock behind him.

"Hanged if I don't think it's shameful," said a man's voice, "Perfectly disgusting!"

"Please be so kind as to tell me what you mean," said a woman's.

"You know what I mean well enough; running around all day with that measly reporter." The masculine tones were thin, peevish and wiry, with a stretch of complaint.

"Why don't you tell him you're engaged to me?"

"He has known it all along." The woman's voice was low, sweet and troubled.

Temper knew it was Miss Primrose and Mr. Hicks on the rock. Miss Primrose was the one person about the hotel of whom Temper approved. She was tall and dark and fine as his master was strong and tall and fair, and

Temper liked her for not rocking her chair upon the piazza. Above all mankind, Temper despised the insignificant Hicks. He changed his clothes too often, got flurried and fluttered about, and his voice was rasping. Temper had no doubt that he was a good little man, but the idea that such a creature as Miss Primrose could ever be spoken of as Mrs. Hicks, he had at first rejected with contemptuous scorn. Even now when it was borne in upon him that it must be so, the thing seemed so incompatible as to be unreal.

The sunset and after the afterglow the evening boat came in. To Temper's delight he and his master sprang on board and were ready to leave the hotel and all that pertained to it, and to his disgust they were followed by a loud-talking, loud-laughing collection of hotel people, the men with expanse of white shirt bosoms unshielded from the summer air, and the women with gauzy things about their heads to keep their hair in trim.

When the steamer had gone throbbing from the pier out into the night, Temper and Mr. Hicks remained, alone, the masters of the lower deck. Mr. Hicks, looking very savage for so diminutive a person, was seated airily upon the rail, his feet hanging over the water, his teeth grimly fixed in a cigar. Temper walked by him and with splendid dignity eyed him for a moment with compassion for his limited figure. Then he strolled to the upper deck. He laid his nose on the rail beside his master who was looking out upon the darkness with Miss Primrose.

"You go to-morrow?" said Miss Primrose.

"In the morning, very early. Yes, to-morrow."

"We are very near the Point. Shall we say good-bye?"

"You are to be married in September?"

"Yes."

"Good-bye, Miss Primrose—good—good-bye—"

"Ah—yes—good-bye."

There was a sudden flash of light, an oath from the pilot and a tremendous crash. The boat, instead of running alongside the pier had hit it squarely on the head.

Every one was jarred and many voices were raised. No one but Temper heard the splash and cry—"For God's sake! I can't swim." He thought of the foolish little dog of the afternoon who swam for sticks, as he took the long leap for the water from the high upper deck. He seized the wretched, floundering thing by its garment as it went under for the second time. It struggled and fought and squirmed. Temper's heart was firm to stay till the last, but his strength was worn and his breath came sobbingly forth as he fought in the dark water for the pier. Now the lights are upon them and gallantly he brings the sodden, gasping, choking bundle to where hands that tremble through excitement and fear lift it to the boards. Though the lamps dance in his eyes, Temper evades such as would help him and clambers up himself unaided. He sees his master and Miss Primrose bending together over the form of the man he has saved.

The form seems to be comfortably disposing of a large quantity of brandy. It occurs to Temper that it may be a condescension worthy of him to see whom he has rescued. Brushing aside the people who tired him with "Brave doggie," "Good doggie" and other kindly remarks, he makes his way to the side of the rescued. There he stops and gazes his fill. It is Mr. Hicks. Then he looks once upon his master and once upon Miss Primrose. His master precedes him then, silently, upon the lonely way through the little wood that shields the farm-house. For the first time in Temper's history he walks as one lame with remorse, and his tail droops and finally becomes a concave curve.

Newton Booth Tarkington.

A HERO.—High up in the white sky the yellow sun glowed hotly down upon the great city. From the Battery to Harlem the pavements and the high walls of tall buildings reflected back the heat that quivered and danced in the

fierce sunlight. Down town in the business streets men hastened to and fro in their shirtsleeves or, more genteelly, with umbrellas. The street venders had moved early in the day to the shady cross-streets, the poor car-horses, panting, stumbled wearily along with their ugly, yellow cars, and above the hum of busy traffic every now and then the sharp clang of an ambulance gong told of another sun-stroke victim. From the whole vast seething city the smoke rose heavily as from a huge furnace, and clouds of stifling steam hung over huge, stuffy factories and marked the flight of the elevated trains. The Park and the Squares were almost deserted, and the leaves on their trees hung parched and motionless. It was the hottest day of the summer.

A new building was going up near the heart of the city, on a corner of one of those great arteries of trade whose lofty granite walls rise like the sides of some mighty Rocky Mountain cañon, irregular in height, straight and steep, on either side of the incessant stream of life flowing along below. Its massive walls of iron, stone and brick had already reached a considerable height, and it bade fair to overtop even its towering neighbors. All day long there mingled with the roar of the street below the ring of heavy hammers, the clink of the mason's trowel, the creak of derricks, the puff, puff of the hoisting engine, and the shrill whistle of the derrick master as he signaled to his men, while all day long the coarse-faced, thick-set laborers toiled to earn their daily bread.

Presently from end to end of the city there rose a new uproar as the ringing of bells and the booming of deep-toned whistles sounded the hour of twelve. Almost instantly the noise of labor in the big building ceased as the workmen left their tasks, and, dinnerpails in hand, sought the shadiest, coolest corners of the structure, and gathered in little groups, began their mid-day meal.

From one of these little knots of men, seated in a comfortable nook on the third story, a laborer arose shortly and

went down the ladder to the story below. There he hung his empty pail on a nail beside his coat, filled his pipe, and scratching a match on his dingy blue overalls, lighted it and picked his way over the rickety scaffolding that took the place of the unfinished flooring, to a great brick-arched window that overlooked the shady and almost deserted side street.

A good-looking Irishman was Michael Hardy, as he stood there watching the unending crowd that passed along the great street at the corner. His strong shoulders and big hands told of his great strength, while his broad intelligent face, with its brown eyes, its firm mouth with a line or two of shrewd humor almost hidden in the bushy brown beard, showed the thoughtful mind behind it.

There is something intensely attractive in the sight of that product of modern civilization, a busy, crowded city street, and the Irishman felt it as he gazed at the ever-changing panorama of life that passed before him. He took his pipe from his mouth a moment and puffed a tiny cloud of faint, blue smoke. "A fine thing it is to live," said Michael Hardy.

Just then he noticed a girl standing on the street corner, evidently waiting for a street-car. A pretty picture she made on this hot, sultry day, standing there in her light, dainty Summer dress, her bright-colored parasol shading her from the blazing sun. Common laborer that Hardy was, his man's heart felt the charm of the girl's face, with its brown eyes that matched the one visible wave of soft hair above them, and he said to himself, "An' isn't she purty, though?"

A chance downward glance at that moment showed the girl that her Oxford was untied, its strings trailing. It couldn't be left, so, with a bit of a half-vexed frown, she stepped into the almost deserted side street and, setting her foot upon a stone directly beneath the window where the laborer stood unnoticed, stooped to retie the knot. "I'd do that for her av I could," thought Michael Hardy to him-

self, "but," looking at his mortar-stained hands, "my big fingers 'ud be far too clumsy for such a thing—" and then he thought his heart would stop beating, for, as he happened to glance up, he saw an awful thing. One of the big derricks, far above on the top story, left alone during the noon hour, was out of order, for its stout lifting-cable was unwinding, and the heavy block of stone fastened to it was swiftly and silently coming down, a few feet from the side of the building and exactly over the pretty girl!

The horror of it all flashed over Hardy in an instant, and his strong face whitened and he shuddered, as he thought of what must happen in the next second, for it was already too late to call to the girl; and then he straightened himself, and muttered to himself: "It must be one or t'other of us, and it had best be me;" and he leaned out of the window, and, as the great stone came down, he seized the iron hook that held it, set his whole strength in one great effort, so that his teeth crushed through his pipe-stem, and swung the mass in the window—and both disappeared.

There was a muffled crash of scaffolding and a puff of dust rising from the basement, and all was still. The pretty girl started a bit as a clay pipe fell and broke upon the pavement beside her. "Some one has lost something," she thought, as she waved her parasol to a passing street car and went her way. Some one had lost something—a life—and for her!

When the men went back to work they found the derrick out of order, and presently they found Hardy and the heavy block of granite in the basement together. They puzzled over it a good deal. "What a fool Mike must 'a been," said one, "to thry and pull that rock inside the window. You'd 'a thought he'd known it 'ud sure kill 'im." And then some one called a patrol wagon, a few curious passers-by stopped to see the limp form brought out and borne away, the boss scratched a name off the list of the force, the work went on as before, and the building was a story higher before night.

The next afternoon a pretty, brown-haired, brown-eyed girl was out walking on the Avenue. There were with her a hairy little Scotch terrier and a young man, quite irreproachable as to his very "swell" clothes, his silk hat and his glasses, and quite blank as to facial expression. Presently the terrier, an inexperienced little dog, strayed out into the street and stood quite bewildered in the stream of handsome carriages and beautiful horses that poured past in either direction. The young man promptly ran out and rescued the terrier, and returned to be overwhelmed with thanks by the pretty girl. "How awfully good of you, Mr. De Vinne," she exclaimed; "why, Max might have been killed. It was really quite heroic, and heroes are so rare nowadays, too!"

And at that moment, in one of the distant suburbs of the city, in a great, enclosed field of ugly, reddish clay, unmarked, save for countless little hillocks, some men were lowering a plain pine box into a hastily-dug trench. It was the Potters' Field, and they were burying Michael Hardy, the man who died that a pretty girl might live.

Paul Burrill Jenkins.

A SEARCH FOR A WIFE.—On the day that college opened I had a remarkable experience. I awoke leisurely on the morning with the feeling that this was the last of vacation for awhile, and that I must take the F. F. V. for Princeton that very afternoon. This thought sobered me more and more as I turned it over in my mind while dressing, and by the time I reached the breakfast table I had a sufficiently long face to be noticed by the friends of whose hospitality I was partaking. I laughed it off, however, and expressed my deep regret at leaving such pleasant society. But it had to be done, and when breakfast was comfortably over I bade them all good-bye, took my valise and sallied forth ostensibly to take the next train for Princeton. Such, how-

ever, was not my intention. It had been up till the preceding day, when something happened that led me to change my plans without saying anything. I was in the Astor Library in the morning, and was wandering around among the alcoves to which I had access, when I was surprised on turning into one at an obscure end of one of the long galleries to see a ground-glass door, on which was painted in gold letters: "Office of the Matrimonial Advisory Board. Consultation Free." My curiosity was stirred at once, for matrimony is the last thing to think of in the Astor Library, and I could not imagine what this door meant. At last, after thinking the matter over, I decided to go in, emboldened by the words "Consultation Free." So I opened the door and saw several gentlemen lounging around a long table with the air of people without much to do. As I opened the door a gentleman at the head of the table looked up, and with a most delightful smile invited me to come in. I did so, closing the door after me, and beginning to collect myself a little I suddenly recognized the man who had spoken as Robert Browning. Looking around at the others, I saw Donald G. Mitchell, Geo. W. Curtis, and another whose name I shall not mention. While I stood thus, Mr. Browning asked me to be seated, and without thinking I took a chair. "Now," he continued, "I suppose you have come in here for advice about choosing a wife; but let me tell you that though we put the word 'Matrimonial' on our door, it does not express our function at all. We merely put that there to get people to come in. Now, you must understand that we deal here with no mere forms that shall pass away with this life. We open to you a conception of that soul union, which so many hope to find in marriage. If you will permit me, I will read you two of my poems on the subject." I bowed, and he read with wonderful expression, *Cristina* and *Dis Aliter Visum*. When he had finished, I thanked him and said, "But how am I to know when I meet the woman that is to be my wife?" His reply was very decided. "My friend, go for h

and wander up and down the great city, and when you find her you will know it." I rose to go at these words, when the room seemed to swim around me, and the next thing I knew I found myself sitting in a large chair in a retired alcove, looking in a dazed way at the books piled around me as far as I could see. I arose slowly and made my way up town to my friend's house, and before night I had fully decided to spend the next day in looking for my wife. So in the morning, after the front door had closed behind me and I began to wend my way eastward on 59th street, I thought I would turn into the park and take a walk around, even if I did not meet anyone; there was more freedom of air there and it would be good exercise. I walked briskly along for some time and only saw a little squirrel whisk across my path up a tree. Pretty soon I came to the menagerie and I wandered aimlessly in, to renew my boyhood with a sight of the animals. It gave me more pleasure than I had anticipated. I lingered a long while before a huge tiger to see if I could cow him with my eyes, but he would not deign to look at me for long. As I was leaving I nearly collided with a young lady. She was very pretty, and I wondered if that young fellow in the night-gown overcoat, who accompanied her, had found his wife. I walked in a pensive mood down toward the Sixth avenue gate. As I was crossing the equestrian road, a lovely girl cantered by me on a spirited horse. I stopped to look after her, and as a turn in the road hid her I decided that she could not be my wife—some society girl, probably, out for the morning air like myself, but she is taking hers on horse-back while I must content myself with Shank's mare. When I came out of the park I thought I would go down town, so I took my seat in a Vesey street car and huddled into a corner with my own reflections. I had the car all to myself for awhile, but at Fiftieth street a portly middle-aged woman got in. She was dressed in silks and jewelry, and after casting a somewhat disdainful look at me she sat down on the other side of the car and looked with serene complacency out of the window.

At the next corner a burly washer-woman got in and made her way with her large basket up to the front of the car. She had a red face that shone cherrily out of a dirty white hood and was not displeasing to look at. I knew that neither of these women was my wife. I was quite sure neither could be my mother-in-law, and yet I could not help wondering how it would seem to have either one of them as such, and I could not quite decide which I should prefer. The car crawled slowly down to the Astor House and I got out and began to walk down Broadway. I met lots of women, some of them with a strong, confident way about them, as they made their way through the crowd, others timid and hesitating, being shoved about as I was myself when I turned my head to look after them. Some of them were typewriters, some bookkeepers, others telegraph operators, I suppose, but none of them seemed to be my wife. I wandered around all the afternoon after getting a snack of lunch, but I saw nothing of my wife. Once, about half past four, as I was walking down Nassau street I saw a young woman ahead of me walking with a quick, sprightly step, so I quickened mine and kept close behind her. I admired the smooth knot of her hair and her little ears and her jaunty little hat. I had almost made up my mind to speak to her and ask her if she were not my wife, when she disappeared in the crowd. It was nearly train time then so I sadly concluded to give up my search and hurried disconsolately to the ferry. It was getting dark and the snow that had been falling all day was getting thicker. I hurried across Water street into the light of the ticket office, and going to the window demanded a ticket for Princeton, when a deafening roar filled my ears. For a moment I was transfixed with a sickening fear and then I heard some one shout "Princeton Junction. All out for Princeton." I rubbed my eyes, grabbed my valise mechanically and made for the door of the car just in time to get off.

Robert Sloss.

TILL MORNING.

We build our lofty castles in the air
And dream how wisdom, learning, art, and grace,
How honor, riches, love, and beauty fair
Shall each one fill therein its varied place.
But when in busy life we find no space
For pictures lighted by our fancy's beam,
When fact and cold, plain day we've brought to face,
These visions then must dull and hopeless seem;
Yet till the morning let us dream our little dream.

Edward James Patterson.

A MISTAKE IN SPELLING.—“The fourth letter this term, Begad!” said Mr. Steelton Trapper, as he examined the postmark on one of the letters which the postman had dropped in the room on his last round for the day. Mr. Trapper drew his chair up before the grate, and, after having lighted a pipe and assuming a comfortable position, cut open the end of the envelope and proceeded to a leisurely reading of its contents.

“Nice hand, she writes,” commented the self-complacent Junior. “I like the way she directs my letters—both the t’s in ‘Steelton’ carefully crossed with two separated dashes, and the two p’s in ‘Trapper’ never made into a scrawl as I do in writing my illustrious autograph.” This close scrutiny of the envelope seemed to have started a train of reminiscence in Mr. Trapper’s mind, and he started off in a half-soliloquizing comment. “Queer, that I should have known that girl all my life and never have discovered her till last summer. That’s the great trouble in being brought up in the same community with anybody—you always take it for granted that you know them perfectly, when you haven’t even penetrated the outer shell of their lives. I never realized how pretty Rose was till I went home from

college last June. I believe she could beat Miss Drayton, who was considered the belle of the last Sophomore reception. Taking a daintily framed photograph from the mantel and turning it so that it reflected the light from the grate—"This photograph doesn't do her justice by any odds, but any fool could see the beauty of those eyes even from a photograph."

Well, I may as well open the letter, I guess. "Gad! If here isn't a mistake in spelling; and such a simple word. But may be it was purely accidental—a slip of the pen."

"If this doesn't beat the deuce! Here's another mistake. I wouldn't have thought a girl of Rose Graham's education capable of such a thing. Two mistakes in spelling in one letter. I never noticed her weak point before. I didn't notice anything like this in the other letters, but I'll look again." [Goes to the drawer and brings forth three letters tied with a bow of orange ribbon.] "I don't see anything wrong in the spelling of these letters. But two such mistakes are enough for four letters. And just think of it; the last time I called on Rose she mentioned the fact that she had just finished 'Andree del Sarto' and asked my opinion on it. I thanked heaven that I knew enough about English literature to feel certain that it was written by Browning, but that was all, and so I clumsily shifted the conversation over to art. I had taken a course on Egyptian art and didn't realize that there might be a few other nations fortunate enough to have a history in that department. To my dismay she asked me if I would like to look at some photographs of old masterpieces which she had just had mounted by the photographer. Imagine me making intelligent comments on her collection—if I had been put under oath I don't believe I could have told the difference between 'The Immaculate Conception' and 'The Last Judgment.' Besides she beats the best singer I ever heard off the stage. To cherish such an excellent ideal of a girl only to have it shattered by two mistakes in spelling makes me tired. After all the bluff she has given me on Browning and art

and music, to think that she shouldn't know how to spell correctly the commonest words. It might be a good lesson to her if I should send this letter back with two references to Webster's Unabridged. I'll put down the references even if I don't send the letters back." [Reaches for the dictionary; searches for the D's.] "D-i-s-s, here's 'dissipate.' It must be on the same page. D-i-s-s-a-p-o-i-n-t. Well, I'll be hanged! It isn't here. How's she got it spelled?—D-i-s-a-p-p-o-i-n-t. Well, I would have sworn that it was the other way. Webster and Rose plainly agree. But this other word must be wrong. Q—R—S—T. T-r-a-v —e-l-e-r [*written also traveller*]. Sold again. I never was so completely fooled in my life." [Thinks of the letters he has written to Miss Rose Graham and the cold sweat stands on his brow.]

Loren M. Luke.

HOW I LOVE HER.

Dear, I'll tell you how I love you—
Not by singing sweetly of you—
Oh, I love you far too much,
For the daintiest rhyme's light touch;
No, it needs no language signs,
It's written here between the lines,
How I love you! You will see
If you look there, *loving me*.

C. B. Newton.

EDITORIAL.

STORIES for the LIT. Prize Story Contest will be due Saturday, February 4th, 1893. Stories should be signed with *noms de plume* and handed to any of the editors, or left in the contributor's box at 1 N. R. H.

GENERAL KARGÉ.

THE sudden death of one of Princeton's oldest professors during the Christmas holidays brought a shock of sadness to all who knew him. For over twenty years the General had done his duty as professor of German like a man, and there was no one who did not admire the bluff old soldier, who in his earnest soldierly fashion followed out his ideals of a higher profession than that to which fortune had first called him. With his varied and eventful career we are all familiar, and the simplicity of his life among us was equally plain to every one. His earnestness and his heartiness could not fail to win respect, and his brisk but always courteous bearing was no less lovable because it lacked the suave coolness in which professorial culture sometimes clothes itself.

Suddenly, and with its usual sobering lessons, has come to us the news of the General's recall, unwarned, in the very midst of the action. For those on whom the blow has fallen most heavily, the college feels sincerest sympathy. For himself, we cannot but believe that the strong, patient, steadfast soul, which was so tossed and battered by the storms of life, has, as the Dean so tenderly expressed it,

"Met his Pilot face to face
Just as he crossed the bar."

CONTRIBUTIONS for the February LIT. will be due Monday, February 6th, 1893.

THE GLEE CLUB TRIP.

FROM every side come reports of the unprecedented success of the Glee Club's Christmas trip through the West. Never before has it taken so long a trip, never have the traveling arrangements been so complete or elaborate, and never have the results been so satisfactory in every direction. The college owes its thanks to the alumni, the business management, and to the three clubs which represent Princeton musically; for the way in which the arranging for concerts, minor business details and concerts themselves were conducted. In every one of the twelve cities visited the clubs were greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences, while socially they were everywhere treated most royally. Only by the hearty coöperation of Princeton's friends, with faithful work by the clubs and their managers, could such results have been brought about, and the advantages reaped by the college are not easy to calculate. The very fact that Princeton was able to plan and perform such an extensive and successful musical tour witnesses to her recent growth and advance more than any statistics could do, and helps to make her less of a name and more of a reality to the great western cities. When such an extended trip can be made not only a social but a financial success, it is an evidence that neither care nor effort have been spared, and we congratulate all concerned on the splendid results of their work.

CONTRIBUTORIAL.

THE above title is one of the euphemisms which the editorial "we" is obliged to employ in order to catch the right ears. If it could be as candid in its headline as it in-

tends to be in what follows it would have written "Non-Contributorial," for this would be the proper adjective for the majority of those who may fancy themselves interested in the former title, and who are—let us hope. Seriously, we must call the attention of men who have any ambition for next year's board to the fact that a spurt of work at the beginning and followed by a satisfied relaxation is not the way in which to gain election. The work that counts is *steady, persistent, careful* work. This is what is required of the board, and this is the quality which aspirants for that position need. 'Ninety-four began the year in a way which led us to hope that there would be no necessity for wasting ink on this hackneyed subject, but alas! for such sanguine expectations, with scarcely an exception the effort has woefully abated and the amount of work done lately is a shame to the literary spirit of such an institution as Princeton. One thing is certain, we must have more than sporadic proofs of ability—we must have signs of industry as well; and even if it be necessary to limit the size of the board we propose to do so in order to bring about such an end. It rests with 'Ninety-four to sustain the name and reputation of one of the oldest college magazines of the country, or by their inertness and indifference to let it flag. The work of the next months is the most important of all and will count most in choosing the next board. No one's place is yet assured, and better efforts will be expected from all.

ERRATUM.

WE HASTEN to correct a statement made in the December LIT. in regard to a prize whose establishment by the *Princetonian* was rumored. We confess to have been too hasty in giving the matter publicity—we should have known better. But the spirit in which the *Daily* has taken our error, which might have been embarrassing to a less

magnanimous sheet, has done much to allay the feelings of regret which our blunder had aroused. Not only was the spirit kindly, but such was the consideration and public mindedness of our contemporary that while rightly refraining from infringing on the LIT's. sphere of prize giving—having noticed the hidden pang which pervaded our previous editorial—it modestly suggested a scheme by which any of our friends might furnish the finances which should find in the LIT. a channel by which to reach that sphere. We thoroughly appreciate the delicate way in which this offer was made, but hasten to assure it that we could not think of placing so heavy a public burden on our friend's already overweighed shoulders. Nevertheless, we cannot but express our gratification that our "honored contemporary has shown itself as sound in heart as in head.

GOSSIP.

"A Rambler."

—Hall.

"The melancholy days have come."

—Bryant.

THE oldest inhabitant, at the moment of this writing, is going carefully over his list of cold winters, great frosts and deep snows for the last seventy years. As the Gossip writes, the incessant snow is still softly but steadily continuing its insidious fall, and never, never weary, is quietly obliterating, with cold craftiness, the foot-prints that show where tired Seniors plowed their way to four o'clock lectures. The oldest inhabitant murmurs to himself something vaguely connected with past ages and the white winters he used to see about '25. One may confidently expect him to speak of the great rains in Noah's junior year.

The Gossip's big cat is nervously shuffling about the window-seat, watching with intent eyes a pestered snow-bird that flutters with chill persistence about the eaves.

Tumny Wilson has come in with the "Nassau Herald" questions; he has allowed me to look over his answers. Here is a sample: *Question 71.* Are you engaged? *Answer.* Yes. *Question 72.* If not, why not? *Answer.* Right! (Evident enthusiasm on Tumny's part.) *Question 73.* What countries have you visited? *Answer.* Been in heaven. See 71.

One man answered some of the questions as follows: *Question 74.* Ever been engaged? *Answer.* Yes. *Question 75.* How often? *Answer.* Rather often. *Question 76.* Ever been rejected? *Answer.* Well—yes. *Question 77.* How often? *Answer.* Not often. *Question 78.* Why rejected? *Answer.* First time girl had poor taste; other times she wouldn't change her mind. Naturally obstinate character. But it's none of your business, anyhow.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year, the days when even the most secure of us feels that all this toil and midnight oil may be but preparation for departure. Now, if ever, the light burns long, the stein lies neglected, an aching void, and sport seeks poller, too often to find but coldest cheer. The merry graduate, the college fellow and the tutor hold high revel, free from care and joyous in the remembrance of the mid-year anxieties, passed by them forever. The lights begin to glow throughout the whole night, and tired eyes are they that greet the murky dawn. The outside world have an idea that college men and boys play foot-ball, and dance and chaff and loaf their happy four years away. It is astonishing how hard the average college man will labor to impress people with this same idea. There's Petterink,

who has taken prize after prize, can't see ten feet with double lenses, shudders in tobacco smoke and dreams of suffixes. Petterink leads his friends at home to think that he remains in college by outwitting the faculty, and his best girl thinks that he is rather a dence of a fellow. Of course she knows that he does not drink, gamble or smoke, but, then, he is rather fast than otherwise. Petterink, while disclaiming the possibility of doing anything exactly improper, has somehow imparted to her the idea that he is sowing his wild oats, and, in a fine, romantic way, has a good deal of the Dead Game Sport about him. And young Tenney, who talks for hours and hours to that scapegrace room-mate of his, trying to convert him—when Tenney went home for the holidays with that great worker in the Philadelphian, Jimson, he and Jimson spent half the time in insinuating that they were about the giddiest pair of young bloods in college.

Tenney would look across a girl or two at Jimson and ask him what chapel looked like and Jimson would say, "Don't ask me?"

And Tenney would ask a girl to ask Jimson how he felt the morning after Thanksgiving, and Jimson would tell her to ask Tenney how many lectures he had been to this term.

Our fathers and mothers ought to see us now. All work and no play is our motto and anxiety sits upon our brows in invitation of the faculty. The Glee Club has returned with laurel perched above the distant look in the eyes. The clubs have done us a deal of good. The average undergraduate felt there was nothing left of Princeton when we came out third in foot-ball. People outside, however, know that an athletic misadventure is but a small evil except in the eyes of the enthusiast, though we are all enthusiasts in foot-ball season. The Glee Club have been ovated and fêted as representative of Princeton and have shown what a good representative it was, so we hail them to our midst again with congratulatory acclaim.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE attitude of indifference which most college men display toward literature has been frequently remarked. It would not, we believe, be putting the matter too strongly to say that not more than fifteen or twenty per cent. of the men in any class really care anything for literature for its own sake. Most men read a novel without any thought about the author or his position as determined by a fair criticism. Men who are only too eager to take advantage of the opportunities offered for culture by science, philosophy or politics, seem to forget that a knowledge of belles-letters is essential to anything like a complete ideal of culture. Literature is one, if not the broadest, element in any education. The fact that a man does not intend to make the study of English literature or its further enrichment his life work does not exempt him from the intellectual duty of obtaining a general outline of its contents and development.

The present tendency of American colleges seems to be a drifting away from literary ideals and standards. The scientific spirit has grown to such dimensions that it threatens to overwhelm the old classical educational models. Men who have money which they desire to see invested in the interests of education are attracted more by the material show which is made by an endowment for scientific equipment—stately buildings containing laboratories, machines and all the paraphernalia which scientific study demands. As a consequence the scientific schools are flourishing at the expense of the academic, and institutions originally devoted to both the acknowledged types of education are losing their classical character and devoting themselves almost exclusively to studies of a technical nature. This may be most desirable in its way, and most in accordance with the spirit of the age, but it is not conducive to the study of literature. A scientific atmosphere does not, save in very exceptional cases, produce men of literary taste and discrimination—men who know the difference between a good and an indifferent book, and among whom now and then we look for an author. Outside of science we might name other studies which have, though in a much slighter degree, the same anti-literary tendencies. To illustrate, how often do we find men busied with the higher mathematics who either will not or cannot discriminate in their reading between the differences in power and style of "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Silence of Dean Maitland," or the essential qualities which give Longfellow a higher niche among poets than Holland? We are not decrying the narrowing tendencies of exclusive devotion to other branches and then asking for a like absorption in literature, but merely put in a plea that the latter may have its fair share of attention.

In speaking of Princeton's past it is our custom to boast of the influence of the college on the political and constitutional development of the country. All the traditions of Princeton echo her pre-eminence in politics. Her geographical location and the temper of her great men have combined to give her a fame in that line that few institutions enjoy. And tradition tells on the present. The two great "Halls" regard it as their great mission to teach their members how to speak fluently and forcibly to an audience. *Literary* societies, so called, they have been ever since their foundation little more than training schools—albeit excellent ones—for debaters, with now and then an orator. They have not nor can they foster the literary spirit in undergraduate life, for this spirit does not exist in sufficient strength to dominate their policies. Their exercises are designed rather to make men keen in constructing and refuting argument than to cultivate tastes and abilities.

When, two years ago, the courses in literature for the upper classes were transferred from the required to the elective studies many of us would have doubted the wisdom of the policy had we not remembered that the present university spirit is in favor of making the student master of his own curriculum. We believe now that the change was a good one. It led men to give a careful consideration of the question whether they would voluntarily take a subject which preceding classes had always taken as a matter of course. As a result the attendance on the elective courses has included a large portion of the students. But the good work should go on. We would not express the least disparagement of the present English department when we ask that it might be enlarged; if not by more professors, at least by a few more courses. The large field of American Literature, by some oversight, seems to have been inadequately provided for in the curriculum. On the other hand, the students would do much toward fostering the literary spirit by the organization of small reading clubs, after the plan so often advocated by the *Litt.* An author cannot be understood without a careful study of his life and works, and these clubs are labor-saving devices for men whose time is limited. This coöperative study of great works brings out new beauties and points of merit which the solitary reader might have passed by. But in spite of all methods which may be discussed, the most lasting taste for good literature is obtained by the man who makes the matter an intellectual duty, which forces him to the conclusion that he cannot afford to be without an intimate familiarity with what is the purest and best expression of the world's thought.

EXCHANGES.

If college criticism cannot add any new judgment on authors whose place is established beyond the shadow of a doubt, there is at least remaining to it the department of contemporary literature. We always

enjoy college criticism on minor authors. It is apt to be too laudatory, but that is a common fault of all criticism. Articles like those on "Charles Henry Laders" and "James Matthews Barrie," in the *Williams Lit.*, are short and bright, and represent, according to our idea, the proper scope of undergraduate criticism.

The *Wellesley Magazine* has a thoughtful, sensible article on "Student Self-Government." Among "Pen Pictures," in the same magazine, "A Firelight Picture" is the best. The department may be of especial service in developing timid writers, but should not be made too prominent. Among other creditable articles in this number are "A Tale Two Centuries Old" and "The Drama of the Georgian Period."

AT DAWN.

Night's last hour brought before Dawn's judgment-bar,
Lies there, touched dead by his diviner eyes,
While from the flushing deep of Orient skies
The waves of light wash round the morning-star.

—*Univ. of Va. Magazine.*

A PORTRAIT.

A slim, young girl, in lilac quaintly dressed;
A mammoth bonnet, lilac like the gown,
Hangs from her arm by wide, white strings, the crown
Wreathed round with lilac blooms, and on her breast
A cluster; lips still smiling at some jest
Just uttered, while the gay, gray eyes half frown
Upon the lips' conceit; hair, wind blown, brown
Where shadows stray, gold where the sunbeams rest.

Ah! lilac lady, step from your gold frame,
Between that starched old Bishop and the dame
In awe-inspiring ruff. We'll brave their ire
And trip a minuet. You will not?—Fie!
Those mocking lips half make me wish that I,
Her grandson, might have been my own grandaïre.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

FRIENDSHIP.

It was a harp of olden time,
None knew the secret of its strings;
A world of melody divine
Men pass'd, intent on other things,—
Until there came a harper gray,
Whose soul was wrapt in mystery,
And 'neath whose sympathetic sway
All discord chang'd to harmony.

What power, my friend, is this, divine,
Which we but feel, that gently came
And link'd thy dissimulant heart with mine,
In one inspiring, heavenly strain?
Who is that harper calmly stealing
Across our lives, harsh though they be,
And with a magic art revealing
New worlds and thoughts for you and me?

—*Yale Lit.*

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

I love to read the tales in merry rhyme
Of bold adventure or of jollity,
Wherewith those olden pilgrims passed their time;
And often have I wished that I might see
Upon their way that very company—
The dainty nun, the knight with burnished lance,
Most dear—the poet's gentle countenance.

—*Wellesley Magazine.*

MAGAZINES.

Mark Twain, the inimitable, has a new sketch in the January *Century*, entitled "The £1,000,000 Bank Note." Miss Grace King contributes the third of her balcony stories, "La Grande Demoiselle," in which the author sets forth an interesting type of New Orleans society. Whittier is the subject of an article by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Several extracts from his letters accompany the criticism. Professor Beers, of Yale, has a short and graphic sketch of Christopher North (John Wilson). The *Century* makes a special feature of its art papers and in this number appears "The Story of Willet's Early Life" related by his brother. In the series of "Notable Women," Mary S. Robinson has a sketch of Dorothea Dix. The American Artist Series has an illustration of the painting "The Mother," by Alice D. Kellogg, of Chicago. "The Reward of the Unrighteous" deserves especial mention along with the other fiction of the number.

The *Atlantic* has a somewhat bolder cover than is its wont, but the contents justify the improvement. Mary A. Catherwood begins a serial entitled "Old Kaskasia," dealing with the early history of Illinois. Francis Parkman's name is a guarantee of accuracy and interest to any article, and we find pleasure in turning to his account of "The Feudal Chiefs of Acadia." In a light and spicy view is Kate Douglas Wiggin's first paper on "Penelope's English Experiences." Men who admire George William Curtis (and who does not?) will find a consideration of his relations to Civil Service Reform. John Fiske has a study of Mr. Freeman, the historian. Edwin L. Bynner furnishes a delightful ten-minute story, entitled "The Diary of a Nervous Invalid."

The January *Scribner* opens with an illustrated article on the "Perry Relief Expedition." We have in "Personal Recollections of Mr. Lincoln," by the Marcus de Chambrun, a glimpse of the great President by one who knew him well. "The Poor in Naples," is a study in sociology, by Jessie White Va. Mario. Readers of the stories of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will be glad to receive the opening chapters of "The One I Knew the Best of All; A Memory of the Mind of a Child," "Los Caraqueños," as its title would suggest, is a beautiful Spanish story. "Impressions of a Decorator in Rome" is accompanied by illustrations of several Mosaics.

The *Cosmopolitan* takes its readers into its confidence, and shows them "The Making of an Illustrated Magazine." One of the best papers on art that it has been our fortune to see this month is "Four Famous Artists," by Gerald Campbell. Accompanying the article are portraits of and illustrations from the works of Herkomer, Millais, Leighton and Watts. "The Confessions of an Autograph Hunter" relate some very amusing endeavors to obtain a sample of the penmanship of great men. Richard Henry Stoddard has a valuable historical criticism of "The English Laureates." "Beauties of the American Stage" obtain a place for their portraits and several columns of description at the hands of J. B. Reed and William S. Walsh.

In the *North American Review*, Hon. W. E. Chandler discusses the question "Should Immigration be Suspended?" He thinks it would be a wise policy to close our ports for one year against foreigners. The Japanese Minister tells us, under "Foreign Nations at the World's Fair," what his country is going to do to make it a success, and the heading also includes Italy's plans in relation to the great exposition. Daniel Dudley Field and Owen B. Taft discuss some "Solutions of the Labor Problem." "Flirting Wives," by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, and "A Bible Lesson for Mr. Herbert Spencer," by Gail Hamilton, are somewhat sensational titles, but their contents are interesting reading. One of the most solid articles of the number is that in which Mr. Bryce discusses the differences between "Political Organization in the United States and England."

An interesting contribution to the fast increasing library of discussions on the labor problem is begun by Helen Campbell in the January *Arena*, under the heading of "Women Wage-Earners; Their Past, Their Present and Their Future." Prof. W. J. Rolfe, the eminent Shakespearean, has a scholarly article in defence of the great dramatist under the head of "In the Tribunal of Literary Criticism." To those unacquainted with the general feature of the *Arena's* policy of liberality and progressiveness, we would recommend the articles on "The New Religion," a treatment of theosophy, by Edwin D. Walker. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a poem on "The Creed To Be." Rev O. P. Gifford thinks the World's Fair should be opened on Sunday. B. O. Flower, the editor of the review before us, has a paper on the question, "Are We a Prosperous People?"

BOOK REVIEWS.

UNCLE REMUS AND HIS FRIENDS. BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.
(NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

In the creation of Uncle Remus Mr. Harris has probably reached the best delineation of negro character. As the author says, the stories of this book would not have much force if told in any other way but in Georgia negro dialect.

In the book before us we get a view of the old negro in three different spheres; his stories to the little boy, his songs and ballads, and his home folks and friends. In the first part are some new stories of the startling adventures of Brer. Rabbit and his companions, who have always been such favorites with the children. Mr. Harris seems to have had some trouble in transferring Uncle Remus' songs to paper.

The best part of the book are the sketches at the last, telling of his home folks and friends, among which are "Uncle Remus and the Telephone," "The Comet," and "On the Electric Car." There is much humor in them and so much of pathos in the old negro character.

It is with genuine regret that we quote the following from the author's introduction:

"It is not an easy nor a pleasing ceremony to step from behind the curtain, pretending to smile and say a brief good-bye for Uncle Remus to those who have been so free with their friendly applause. * * * There is nothing here but an old negro man, a little boy and a dull reporter, the matter of discourse being fantasies as uncouth as the original man ever conceived of. Therefore, let Uncle Remus' good-bye be as simple as his stories; a swift gesture that might be mistaken for a salutation, as he takes his place among the affable ghosts that throng the ample corridors of the Temple of Dreams."

THE ARIEL SHAKESPEARE. 7 VOLS. 32MO. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This beautiful little edition of the comedies of Shakespeare has just appeared from the Knickerbocker Press. There are seven in all—"The Tempest," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night," and "The Winter's Tale." The books are printed in clear brevier type, and are of a convenient size for the pocket. Each of the texts is complete and unabridged, and corresponds with the best standard editions of Shakespeare. The volumes are neatly bound in dark olive leather, gilt top and untrimmed edges. The illustrations, by Mr. Frank Howard (first published in 1833), are in delicate outline and are especially adapted for this companion edition.

LITERARY GEMS. 6 VOLS. 32MO. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This series is similar to "The Ariel Shakespeare," and is the fourth series of the "Literary Gems." They are "The Rivals," "A Group of Milton's Poems," "Rip Van Winkle and Wolfert's Roost," "Charity, Humor and Nil Nisi Bonum from Thackery," "Gray's Elegy" and "Bryant's Thanatopsis." Each of these books has a frontispiece and is bound in morocco.

WIT AND WISDOM OF CHARLES LAMB. EDITED BY ERNEST DRESSEL NORTH. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This little volume belongs to the Knickerbocker Nugget series. It consists of selections from "Lamb's Essays and Letters." The editor has given the source of each extract and has followed the anecdotes to their origins. Mr. North has exercised judgment in his choice of extracts and has a keen appreciation of the wit and humor of Lamb. The frontispiece is a portrait of Lamb, and is copied from an original chalk drawing by Robert Hancock, which was made when he was twenty-three, and is now in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

THE DUTIES OF MAN. BY JOSEPH MAZZINI. (NEW YORK: FUNK & WAGNALLS Co.)

With the advance of democratic thought the name of Joseph Mazzini, the Italian patriot and revolutionist, grows brighter and larger. His was one of the strongest and sweetest spirits that have blessed our century by their presence and counsel. While Mazzini was an ardent patriot and advocate of struggling nationalities he also believed most emphatically in the unity of mankind, and hence he is a moral teacher for all men. All his writings are permeated by an unwavering faith in the people and a profound religious spirit. The most characteristic and important of his utterances are to be found in his essay, "The Duties of Man."

INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS. BY ROBERT WATERS. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON Co.)

The aim of this book, as the author announces it in his preface, is as follows: "The work is addressed mainly to young persons ambitious of excellence in a literary, an academic or an oratorical career; it has no pretensions to instructing those who are experienced in the field. But when I say *young persons*, I mean those who are *young intellectually*, and I consider all those who are striving for improvement, still growing in knowledge and ability, as belonging to that class."

The book is a series of essays on literary and practical subjects, such as "The Secret of Literary Success," "How Great Things are Done," "Men of True Greatness," and "How Genius is Awakened." The author awakens high expectations in the reader, but on reading we find that he

cites examples of success in great men, and repeats the maxim, "All that is needed * * is energetic effort and all-conquering labor." The book will undoubtedly be useful to the ambitious young writer in teaching him methods. There are many reminiscences of the author's own life, and throughout the book Mr. Waters poses as a self-made man. It will be a help to all who are trying to improve the powers of speaking and writing.

THE PERPLEXED PHILOSOPHER. BY HENRY GEORGE. (NEW YORK: CHAS. L. WEBSTER & Co.)

Everything from the pen of Henry George is clear, forceful and fearless. The work in hand is characteristic. It is, "an examination of Herbert Spencer's various utterances on the land question, with some incidental reference to his synthetic philosophy."

In his "Social Statics," published in 1850, Mr. Spencer takes a position on the land question in accord with Mr. George's views. Later he reaches a different conclusion and changes sides. For this Mr. George does not blame him; but when, in certain recent letters to the *London Times* and the *St. James's Gazette*, he denies that he ever held such views, Mr. George accuses him of untruthfulness and deception. In making this charge, Mr. George is careful to quote so copiously from Mr. Spencer's utterances that he cannot be accused of garbling or doing any violence to Mr. Spencer's real meaning.

This fact lends plausibility to Mr. George's explanation of Mr. Spencer's change of heart on the land question. This he finds in Mr. Spencer's cowardly fear of the social ostracism and personal unpopularity which he would suffer at the hands of the English land owners.

Mr. George then tries to show that Mr. Spencer is guilty of a cowardly evasion of this question in his "Justice," in which it is discussed to an extent utterly incommensurate with its importance.

Mr. George characterizes the synthetic philosophy as essentially materialistic, Mr. Spencer's assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. He shows that a mechanical conception of the universe underlies it all, and that a philosophy without teleology does not satisfy the demands of the rational nature, for it neglects one whole side of reality.

GOSPEL OF MATTHEW IN GREEK. BY ALEX. KERR AND H. C. TOLMAN. (CHICAGO: CHARLES H. KERR & Co.)

The object of this edition of St. Matthew is to emphasize the individuality of the writer. With this end in view the editors have indicated in bold type all the words that occur in Matthew only; have given in their admirable glossary the frequency of the occurrence of each word, and have restricted the vocabulary as far as possible to the use and meaning of each word in Matthew. The text is based upon the best texts of the Greek testament, and the book will prove of inestimable assistance to the Bible student.

THE CIPHER DISPATCH. BY ROBERT BYR. TRANSLATED BY ÉLISE L. LATHEROP. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON Co.)

An intensely interesting story of life in a German capital. The plot hinges upon a stolen despatch, and many complications arise before the actual thief is most unexpectedly discovered to the reader. There are a number of thrilling situations, and the interest is well sustained to the end, the characters being most varied and well delineated.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY. BY GEORGE GROSSMITH AND WEEDON GROSSMITH. (NEW YORK: TAIT, SONS & Co.)

Mr. Charles Pooter is one of that class which, while publicly professing themselves to be nobodies, yet privately think that they are very decidedly somebodies. Accordingly he keeps a diary which, after the manner of others, he has published.

While not finding in the book as much humor as Mr. Pooter discovers in his sayings, over which he laughs when he wakes at night, still we are very pleasantly entertained throughout, and we follow the circle of relatives and friends through their various domestic, social and love affairs with no little interest.

WHO IS THE MAN? BY J. SELWIN TAIT. (NEW YORK: TAIT, SONS & Co.)

The hero of this novel, a Scotchman returning from America, is suspected of being guilty of a series of cold-blooded murders that occur shortly after his arrival at his birthplace. He is arrested and imprisoned, and the evidence against him seems to be growing conclusive, when the occurrence of another similar crime proves his innocence. The work of the detectives, who, in attempting to ferret out the criminal, very industriously operate upon wrong clues, is elaborately detailed, and at the last, in a fearful climax of bloody scenes, the real murderer is found to be an idiot, who ends his list of victims with himself. As usual, there is a woman—two of them, for that matter—involved. But little can be said as to the literary finish of the work, for it smacks rather strongly of the cheap novel of a few years ago. Still the book, with its total of seven murders, three suicides, a Western bull fight, a cowboy duel and an absconding bank cashier, may find favor with readers of very light literature. The illustrations, by A. G. Reinhart, are good.

THE MOTHER AND OTHER POEMS. BY S. WEIR MITCHELL. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

These poems are in the main deeply thoughtful and meditative. They deal with a variety of subjects, from the mourning of a mother over the death of her first-born, the subject of the first poem in the work, to several pleasant reveries on Venetian and Roman scenes, a wrecker's

description of a ship-wreck, several fanciful bits, a fine poem on Lincoln and some verses on Oliver Wendell Holmes, this last being among the very best in the book. The book is handsomely bound and remarkably well printed.

WHEN I LIVED IN BOHEMIA. FERGUS HUME. (NEW YORK: TAIT SONS & Co.)

The half humorous, half pathetic narrative of the trials and struggles of an aspiring but unappreciated young poet and his friends of the palette and pencil, in that land of garrets and ink-stained manuscripts called "Bohemia."

The book opens to us a territory rarely revealed to the eye of the uninitiated, and despite the vein of humorous cynicism in which the author reveals the many-time fruitless efforts of the poverty-stricken young genius to achieve fame and—what is more important to his prosaic landlady, Mrs. Prase—fortune, yet the very uncertainty of such a life, its intermingled cloud and sunshine, its midnight revels, where stein and pipe, song and story circled merrily 'round, have a powerful fascination for the reader.

Much to the reader's satisfaction, Bohemia is not the permanent abiding place of the embryo young Johnsons, Wagners and Scotts, who grace the page of the story. One by one Fame finds them and claims them for her own.

Neither does the facile author neglect the realm of romance in the enticing pages of "Bohemia."

However, Al Rasched turns up as gracefully and as much at ease as if he were in the confines of his favorite stamping ground—the Arabian Nights—while Lionel and Reginald, Eugene and Peter, one after another bow allegiance to the little blind god, and art and literature have to take second place in their hearts, before the all-powerful influence of Love.

The book is bright and well written. Perhaps at times the humor is a little forced and grows tiresome. Sarcasm and raillery sometimes take the place of humor, and they are poor substitutes. However, the book possesses the merit of originality and will prove interesting and amusing.

THE STORY OF MARY WASHINGTON. BY MARION HARLAND (MRS. M. V. H. TERHUNE). (NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

Americans are always glad to read anything relating to the immortal Washington, and the times and peoples among whom he lived.

Strange to say, Americans to-day possess few records or relics of the patriot, and his whole ancestry. The mother of Washington is a figure shrouded in the mists of time. We can scarcely look upon her as a personage, with loves, sorrows, emotions and attributes like the rest of

mortals. She is far from being real flesh and blood to us. That this is true is due to two theories: one, that Americans can scarcely look with human veneration upon anyone closely associated with the Father of his Country; another, that we have so few records or relics of him. Only a few old letters, yellowed and eaten by time, give us any insight into the story of the mother of Washington. But few as these relics are, the facile pen of Miss Harland has woven about them a story so vivid and real in its simple detail and character depiction that it cannot but appeal to our nature, and not only charm us with its quaint sweetness, but, as Americans, bring to our minds a realization of how much of our liberty we owe to the mother of Washington.

CRIMINOLOGY. BY ARTHUR MACDONALD. (NEW YORK: FUNK & WAGNALLS Co.)

The science of crime and criminals opens up a vast field of great interests, not only to the scholar who investigates causes and sequences, classes and peculiarities, but to the ordinary thoughtful man who, recognizing the awful effects of crime, and realizing something of the almost innumerable number of criminals, desires to know of these phenomena in their relations to society, to the human race.

Heretofore, the works upon this branch of science have been in the main such as only students would appreciate; but, while we have in this work a scholarly treatment of the subject, as the result of years of expert study and research, we have also in this book a popular treatment by which the subject is brought within the comprehension of those not specialists.

The author's preparation for this work has consisted in a course of study in the University of Rochester, Princeton, and Andover Theological Seminaries, Union Theological Seminary, Harvard University, Johns Hopkins University, University of Berlin, University of Leipzig, University of Paris, Universities of Zurich and Vienna, and Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

His plans also included special visits to the principal prisons and charitable institutions in England, France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and America. He passed two entire summers with criminals in our best institutions at Rochester, Elmira, Auburn, and at other points. He was locked in cells with criminals in order to become more fully learned concerning them.

The main work closes with some general practicable conclusions which are worthy of close attention. An extensive and exhaustive bibliography of crime, of the best books and articles, in the several languages, follow. No other such bibliography has ever been issued.

THE FALLEN RACE. BY AUSTIN GRANVILLE. (CHICAGO: F. T. NEELY.)

The book before us belongs to that class of novels of which "She" and "Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder" are notable examples. It describes the wonderful adventures of Dr. Paul Gifford, the "discoverer of the fabled fallen race." In the course of his wanderings in Central Australia, he falls among a race of beings that are physiological monstrosities. Imagine the moon reduced to the size of a four-foot sphere, with a small wiry arm on each side of the face and with mule's ears, and one has a good idea of their appearance. The traveler finds some enlightenment among them and also a beautiful white queen. The former Dr. Gifford develops into 19th century civilization, and the latter he, of course, marries in the last chapter. The author works this grotesque material into some ludicrous combinations and has fairly well accomplished the aim set forth in the introduction, to furnish amusement for the reader rather than instruction.

THE UNENDING GENESIS. H. M. SIMMONS. (CHICAGO: CHARLES H. KERR & Co.)

This is a popular presentation of the Mosaic Cosmogony, in which the author shows that the scriptural narrative corresponds to the scientific order of creation. The treatment is from the standpoint of a Christian evolutionist.

JOHN WYCLIF. BY LEWIS SERGEANT. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The position that John Wyclif holds in English history is one that inspires admiration. He stands out in relief against a background of corruption in the Church and immorality in the clergy. He was the first to advocate the Bible for the use of the common people and translated it into the vernacular. He has wisely been called "the Morning Star of the Reformation." The author not only tells us of the personal character and the influence of the great churchman, but he also gives us a view of the religious conditions of the times. In his chapter called "The Seething of Europe," Mr. Sergeant has pictured a bit of history that is vital in importance and intense in its interest. The part of the book that appears under the chapter "Monks" is one that gives a fair account of the condition of the Church during the fourteenth century.

This book belongs to the Heroes of Nations Series, is substantially bound and illustrated with pictures, some of which are taken from old portraits and paintings.

FRANCIS DRAKE. A TRAGEDY. S. WIER MITCHELL. (NEW YORK: HOUGHTON MIFFLIN & Co.)

This latest work of Dr. Mitchell again illustrates his versatility, both in poetry and prose.

It is a tragedy in blank verse, the central figure being that fierce old English buccaneer, Sir Francis Drake, the terror of the Spanish Dons, and their rich treasure fleets from the mines of Mexico. The versification of the poem is good, the pictures bright and the characterization delicate. But Dr. Mitchell has failed to introduce a dramatic action equal to the subject he has undertaken. His transitions are a little forced, and at times positively awkward. Such a drama as Sir Francis Drake is pleasing enough as a poem, and is readable enough to hold one's attention, yet it could never be acted with any degree of naturalness. Doughty is the best drawn character in the tragedy. His closing speech is very dramatic and shows brave contempt for approaching death that well becomes the character of the adventurer.

"And you, dear Leonard, when the feast is gay,
 Drink double for your friend.
 Be sure my lips
 Shall share with yours the laughter and the cup."

The volume is prettily bound in white and gold.

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